

THE ADVOCATE.

MIRTHFUL MORSELS.

Venison is sometimes deer at any price, but oftener it isn't.

The bow-legged man has the bulge on the bicycle.

The clerk who had been stealing for a long time finally got it.

We imagine that a grizzly must have a bearytone voice.

Some manufacturers' love for the McKinley Bill is tin-Platonic.

The man who has a "pull" is probably a molasses-candy maker.

A man at a summer hotel always speaks of his bill in the highest terms.

Budgely says the most difficult part of a drinking song is the "refrain."

In order to fight flies successfully a cow has to make a good many flank movements.

Give the army worm credit for one good quality. It isn't clamorous for a back pension.

Students of floriculture have placed eyeglasses among the popular no-nonsense in Boston.

If an American girl cannot be an actress, she can take one step lower and become a countess.

People who are always wishing for some other kind of weather are getting it this year.

The tin-plate manufacturer when last heard of had the milk sickness over on the next creek.

It's a poor policy to hire a man to watch a bank who believes there is no harm in stealing chickens.

Tommy-Paw, what's an "agnostic?" Mr. Figg—Why, er—a sort of a religious mugwump.

The noble youth who married a girl from a minstrel hall evidently believes variety's the spice of life.

When it comes to house-cleaning there's only here and there a man who seems to be truly religious.

The friend who cries with you finds out a great many things you will regret when your eyes are dried.

There is no cure for insomnia that compares with a ten-minute conversation with a sweet girl-graduate.

Girls should bear in mind that hauling the young men over the coals does not tend to make them pop.

Though there are billions of people in the world, every man's happiness depends on how two or three treat him.

George Washington is now on the handle of a souvenir spoon, and may be used for stirring revolutionary toddy.

The man who complains that he is living a hell upon earth is pretty sure to be the chief dignitary in the premises.

Yard says he'll make everything clear concerning himself. In other words, in his opinion he'll turn out a square Yard.

Useful. If Not Sentimental.

Two or three passengers on a railway train which was crossing Tennessee lately fell to discussing the descriptions given by Chas. Egbert Craddock, of the magnificence of the mountain scenery in that State.

"I never saw anything of it," said one man, "and I know every acre of that country. Cloud-temples and melancholy peaks and prophets and heroic maidens!" Nonsense! There is a lot of timber land a snake couldn't get its living out of, and a rabble of snuff-rubbing, whiskey-drinking bores and that's all there is of it."

As he went out of the car, the other passengers smiled. "Poor fellow!" said one, "to be blind, and to not even know that he is blind!"

"Yet," said another, "there are two ways of looking at even the mountains. This man is a great lumber dealer, and gives employment and wages and comfort to hundreds of the poor mountain by cutting and shipping timber."

Several years ago a sensitive, unpractical poet, while dining with some literary people in New York, called on his wife to help him remember the name of a certain wonderful mountain view in Switzerland.

"Switzerland!" she exclaimed, "I remember nothing about it, except that there was but one inn there where you could get a chop fit to eat."

There was much pity expressed afterwards by his friends for the poet who was linked for life to so coarse and dull a nature.

They did not know that the homely little woman, by her constant drudgery and tender care, fed and clothed this sensitive genius, and stood between him and the rough world, giving him leisure and quiet in which to sing his song.

We are all of us apt to despise men and women who lack some nice quality of intuition, or special knowledge, or delicate taste which we happen to possess.

There are two ways, let us remember, of looking even at a mountain.

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WOOD FOR LOCOMOTIVE FUEL.

What Strikes the Traveler When He Rides Into Southern States.

Throughout the border states of the south the fuel for domestic use, as well as for running machinery, is wood. On all the railroads wood is used exclusively for firing the engines. Each tender of the engine is stacked high with short lengths of wood ready for use, which have been gathered from the immense piles that are seen at regular intervals along the lines.

Pine is plentiful in the coast states, and is the wood principally used. It kindles easily, as every one knows, and generates rapidly an intense heat, and still does not consume as quickly as at first appears. Passenger trains are frequently run from 117 to 129 miles with one cord of this wood.

The traveler on these roads is apt to find the thick black smoke from the rich pine thrown off by the engine equally as annoying and disagreeable as the sulphur fumes from the bituminous coal in common use on roads throughout the coal regions. Back from the smokestack is thrown a continual shower of sparks, making a pretty sight by night. These bits of fire, as a rule, die out quickly and do very little damage. But a spark may occasionally enter through an open door or window, and burn its way into your clothing or the cushions of the seat.

Another disagreeable feature attending travel on these roads is the dust you encounter at all seasons of the year. Close the windows and doors of the coach as you will, the white sand dust will enter the crevices and cover you from head to foot. Before you reach your journey's end you will likely think you will either be suffocated with the tar smoke of the pine fuel or strangled with the dust.

For this reason travelers once passing over southern railroads see the necessity of providing themselves well with linen dusters or traveling cloaks, as a double protection against sparks from locomotives and dust of the way-side.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

He Got His Pension.

The Americans do indeed honor their heroes, as the following story will show: For years a helpless, paralyzed cripple has set by the wayside in Kensington, and there, supported in a wheel chair, he has gained a precarious living by the sale of bootlaces. Some four years back a local sympathizer interested himself in the old man and learned that he had served in the Federal army through the American war, and that his paralysis was the fruit of hardships he endured as a soldier.

With the sympathetic friend petitioned the United States minister and claimed some consideration for the crippled veteran. Failing to obtain immediate assistance, the case was stated and re-stated with dogged persistence, and the official red tape began gradually but surely to unwind. A threat was at last made that the paralytic should be wheeled to the door of the American embassy, when the United States authorities succumbed, and the old man has now "retired from business" with £400 "cash down" as "deferred pension," and thirty dollars a month for the rest of his life. He does not sell bootlaces now.—St. James' Gazette.

Banco in Paris.

Paris' most popular banco game is played thus: A well dressed stranger with a handbag hurries into a hotel restaurant near a railway station, eats a fine dinner, and engages the landlord in conversation. He praises the cooking, and after paying his bill promises to make the hotel his headquarters during his frequent visits to the city. As he opens the door to leave he calls back for the landlord's name. When the landlord gives it the stranger remarks, "Curious that is my name, too," asks the landlord to care for letters or packages to his address, and leaves. Letters come for the stranger, and are called for by "his valet." Finally a package comes, and is also carried off. That is all. The trick is up, and the landlord and tradesman who sent round the package may settle the loss as best they can.—New York Sun.

A Matter of Experience.

As they approached the tunnel the girl with whom the commercial traveler had struck up an acquaintance rose and took another seat. "Why did you do that?" he asked reproachfully as the train came out again. "Oh, I have been through it before, you know."—Philadelphia Times.

Financial Item.

Debtor—You can't collect that from me, sir.
Collector—Not
Debtor—No; you can't get blood out of a turnip.
Collector (in disgust)—Apparently not; neither can I get money out of a beet.—Texas Siftings.

Little Economies.

Man of Family—Johnny, take this oil can to a tinsmith, and tell him to fit a cover to the spout.
Wife—A raw potato stuck on the spout will do as well.
Man of Family (angrily)—D'y'e think I'm a millionaire!—Good News.

Full of Alarm.

Frank—Blanche seems awfully shy. What do you suppose makes her so timid?
May—She's probably afraid you're not going to propose.—Munsey's Weekly.

WHERE SHRIMPS COME FROM.

They Are Caught in the Gulf of Mexico and Are Canned in New Orleans.

You can find a good many things in Fulton market that you are not likely to understand unless you know something of the inner secrets of the fish business. That was the experience of a reporter who happened down there the other day. He saw a portly, red faced fish merchant assorting a stock of canned shrimps. Now the reporter knew that shrimps were shrimps, and that they came from somewhere, and that they were good to eat. At that point his fund of knowledge ran out.

As he was in search of information he appealed to the merchant for some facts.

"Shrimps," said the fish dealer, "are caught in the Gulf of Mexico. The season lasts four months, two in the spring and two in the fall, and in that time a tremendous business is done in the way of catching and canning them. In New Orleans, which is the headquarters of the trade, 100,000 cans a day of these little fish are packed.

"The shrimps run in large schools down the numerous passes leading into the Gulf of Mexico, where the fishermen catch them with their seines, frequently bringing in at one haul enough to fill one of their peat boats. They are then taken to the canning factories. The shrimps are placed in large trunks. Girls who are experts in their line take them in hand. With one twist they take off their heads, and then with a pressure at the tail the shrimp is forced out. The girls are paid by the pound, and they make good wages too.

"After being taken from the shells the shrimps are put in a vat of salt water, and are cooked by means of steam pipes running through the vats. Then they are put into little gauze bags, each bag just big enough to fit inside the cans used, there being so much phosphorus in the shrimp that unless some precaution is taken the tin would be eaten through by its action.

"After the shrimps are placed in the cans they are hermetically sealed, this work being done by machinery. The cans are then put into a large tank, and once again the shrimps are put through a steaming process, this being ten times hotter than before. After this the shrimps are thoroughly cooked, and when the cans cool they are labeled and put in boxes. Next you see them here in Fulton market, ready for the table of any one who has the price."—New York Recorder.

Vestments at Private Chapel.

There are many magnificent private collections of vestments in the vicinity of New York. One of the finest and most artistic is used in the private chapel of Mr. Lindley H. Chapin, of Fifth avenue. Mr. Chapin's chapel is at his summer residence, near New London, Conn. Bishop McMahon, of the Connecticut diocese, provides the priest who celebrates mass at the chapel with vestments that are worth their weight in gold. One set of these vestments in particular is valued at \$8,000. It is of cloth of gold, and is embroidered in fine gold tinted with bright silks. It was made by the Dominican nuns in Europe. Also at Mr. Chapin's chapel is a very rich set of black velvet vestments embroidered with the finest gold thread.

Joseph J. O'Donohue has a very fine collection of vestments in his private chapel at his residence at 5 East Sixty-ninth street. One set in particular is noted for its richness and beauty. It is made of gold and cloth, heavily embroidered in gold and richly colored silks. Mr. O'Donohue purchased this set of vestments in Lyons.—New York Herald.

A Useful Invention.

Mr. S. P. Watson, of this city, is a man of peace and of an inventive turn of mind. Whenever he sees his fellows clash over trivialities he gets his thinker to work, and lo! forth comes the remedy. On many occasions Mr. Watson has lost his turn at the barber's rather than engage in dispute, and now he comes out with a device which he has had patented, and which will make everything serene hereafter in the parlors of the artists tonsorial. It is a circular shaped electrical indicator that can be seen from the sidewalk, and tells how many must go before you are "next." The applicant for the attention of the artist receives, upon entering, a numbered check which corresponds with a number on the dial. Then if there are many ahead of him he can go and "see a man" if he likes.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A Story of Webster's Daughter.

Mrs. Appleton, of Boston (the daughter of Daniel Webster), was dying after a long illness. The great lawyer, after pleading an important case in the court room, on his way home stopped at the house of his daughter and went into her sick room. She said to him, "Father, why are you out today in this cold weather without an overcoat?" The great lawyer went into the next room, and was in a flood of tears, saying, "Dying herself, yet thinking only of me!" Oh, how much more beautiful is care for others than this everlasting taking care of ourselves!—Dr. T. De Witt Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Handy Outfit.

Mrs. Van Pelt—If you work for me, Bridget, you will have to wear caps. I suppose you do not object?
Bridget—Sure not, mum; I can borrow from me cousin. It has ears tabs, and a 'coon tail on top.—Harper's Bazar.

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South Bound.	No. 1 Daily Express	No. 5 Daily Fast Line	No. 8 Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve Cincinnati	8 10 a m	8 00 p m	3 00 p m
Lve Lexington	8 18 a m	8 09 p m	3 06 p m
Lve Falmouth	9 42 a m	9 39 p m	4 22 p m
Lve Cynthiana	10 42 a m	9 59 p m	5 20 p m
Arr Paris	11 15 a m	10 23 p m	6 10 p m
Arr Lexington	12 10 m	11 00 p m	7 00 p m
Lve Paris	11 25 a m		6 15 p m
Arr Winchester	12 10 p m		6 50 p m
Arr Richmond	1 25 p m		7 50 p m
Lve Berea	2 05 p m		
Arr Lexington	3 05 p m		
Lve Lexington	5 00 p m		
Arr Corbin	6 00 p m		
Lve Harrodsburg	5 22 p m		
Lve Pineville	6 41 p m		
Lve Middlesboro	7 35 p m		
Arr Cumberland Gap	7 50 p m		
Lve Corbin	4 50 p m		
Lve Williamsburg	5 45 p m		
Arr Jellico	6 20 p m		
Lve Richmond	1 20 p m		
Lve Lancaster	4 45 p m		
Arr Stanford	5 20 p m		

North Bound.	No. 2 Daily Express	No. 4 Daily Ex. Sun.	No. 6 Daily Ex. Sun.
Lve Stanford	7 00 a m		
Lve Williamsburg	7 25 a m		
Arr Richmond	8 10 a m		
Lve Jellico	8 15 a m		
Lve Williamsburg	8 50 a m		
Arr Corbin	9 55 a m		
Lve Cumberland Gap	6 35 a m		
Lve Middlesboro	7 47 a m		
Lve Pineville	8 35 a m		
Lve Harrodsburg	9 25 a m		
Lve Corbin	9 45 a m		
Lve Lexington	10 21 a m		
Arr Lexington	11 05 a m		
Lve Lexington	11 15 a m		
Lve Berea	12 16 p m		
Arr Richmond	12 45 p m		
Arr Winchester	1 40 p m		
Arr Paris	2 10 a m		
Lve Lexington	2 30 p m		
Lve Paris	2 45 p m		
Lve Cynthiana	3 24 a m		
Lve Falmouth	3 40 p m		
Lve Covington	4 40 p m		
Arr Cincinnati	10 55 a m		

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Mt. Sterling
Winchester
Lexington